*Claudio* My liege, your Highneſſe nowe may doe mee good.

*Pedro* My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

*Clau.* Hath Leonato any ſonne, my lord?

*Pedro* No childe but Hero, ſhees his onely heire:
Dooſt thou affect her Claudio?

*Claudio* O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That likt, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am returnde, and that warre-thoughts,
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,
Saying I likt her ere I went to warres.

*Pedro* Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words,
If thou doſt loue faire Hero, cheriſh it,
And I wil breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt haue her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtorie?

*Clau.* How ſweetly you do miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalude it with a longer treatiſe.

*Pedro* What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what wil ſerue is fit: tis once, thou loueſt,
And I wil fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I wil aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her boſome ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force





And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhal be thine,
In practiſe let vs put it preſently. *exeunt.*

*Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato*

*Leo.* How now brother, where is my coſen your ſonne, h
he prouided this muſique?

*Old* He is very buſie about it, but brother, I can tell y
ſtrange newes that you yet dreampt not of.

*Leo.* Are they good?

*Old* As the euents ſtampes them, but they haue a good c
uer: they ſhew well outward, the prince and Count Claud
walking in a thicke pleached alley in mine orchard, were th
much ouer-heard by a man of mine: the prince diſcouered
Claudio that he loued my niece your daughter, and meant
acknowledge it this night in a daunce, and if he found her a
cordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and i
ſtantly breake with you of it.

*Leo* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Old* A good ſharp fellow, I wil ſend for him, and queſtio
him your ſelfe.

*Leo.* No, no, we wil hold it as a dreame til it appeare it ſe
but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe may bee t
better prepared for an anſwer, if peraduenture this be true: g
you and tel hir of it: cooſins, you know what you haue to do
O I crie you mercie friend, go you with me and I wil vſe you
ſhill: good coſin haue a care this buſie time. *exeunt.*

*Enter ſir Iohn the baſtard, and Conrade his companion.*

*Con.* What the goodyeere my lord, why are you thus out
meaſure ſad?

*Iohn* There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds, the
fore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

*Con.* You ſhould heare reaſon.

*Iohn* And when I haue heard it, what bleſſing brings it?

*Con* If not a preſent remedy, at leaſt a patient ſufferance.

*Iohn* I wonder that thou (being as thou ſaiſt, thou art, born
vnder Saturne) goeſt about to apply a morall medicine, to